

El Hispano Americano

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The Vigil.

I see the window of my sweet—
The trellised window toward the west.
The odor of the marguerite
Beneath my footstep harshly pressed
Is faint and rare. I hear the beat.
It almost seems, within her breast
Of her thrice tender heart, and feel
Its vibrant passion stir her rest!

And through the open window borne
In subtle tincture on the air,
The perfumes of the roses worn
At last night's ball a message bear
Unto my heart with passion torn!
Light-winged, they wander outward
Where

I stand, and whisper low unto
The eager ear of my despair!

What if—but vain the thought I fear
The lilac curtains drawn aside,
My sleeping beauty should appear
And I should see her tender-eyed!
Vain phantasy! The white dawn clear
Will touch her lids to waking wide.
Till then she dreams; but never dreams
Who watches in the moonlight here!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Patent All Right.

The delicatessen man was out of bottled milk and his customer had no pail. There was plenty of milk in the big can.

"All ride. I got padent," said the delicatessen man. "I figs plenty customers dese way." He put one paper bag inside of another, and into his improvised pail turned a quart of milk. Just as he handed it to the customer in triumph a little white stream began to spray the inventor. He turned the milk back into the can.

"Going to apply for that patent?" asked the customer.

"Dot padent vas all ride. But I nefer knew so many holes to come in one place before."

Height and Watches.

It has been found that watches and clocks cannot withstand the effect of great heights with perfect immunity any more than human beings can. Like them, they suffer from the change in the air pressure. A watch taken to the top of Mont Blanc will gain 36 seconds in 24 hours. The thinness of the air, with its decreased pressure, makes the poor watch dizzy and leads it to run faster, just as a man's blood runs faster. Watches will change a little even when carried from the lower floors of a house to the higher ones, although the variation is too slight to be considered for practical purposes.

Modern Poetry.

One of the nicest girls in this town lately stopped the writer of this, and wanted to read a poem to him; a poem cut out of a newspaper. We refused to listen, as we don't like poetry. Some people say we should have submitted, and created the impression that we believe in better things. We do believe in better things, but poetry is not always uplift. Most poetry is worthless. The little good poetry in the world has resulted in a flood of poor stuff that you have a right to dislike.—Atchison Globe.

Power of Mother's Example.

The cheerfulness that should be one of the leading characteristics of home life is often of a very chastened order, solely because the example of a cheery disposition is not set by the wife and mother. One glimpse of her face as she begins the duties of the day is enough to set the tone for the family. If she be bright and cheery, with a kindly word and a smile for everybody, she will have the gladdening effect of sunshine, and do much to make the day a happy and successful one to her husband and children.

THE SINGERS

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



OD SENT His singers upon earth,
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to Heaven again.

The first, a youth with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.



The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.



A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Conitron from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said: "I see
No best in kind, but in degree;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

TRIBUTE TO GREAT POET.

Farmer Willingly Admitted That Shakespeare "Knowed Hoss."

Apropos of the appearance of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern in Shakespearean plays this season, somebody revived this tale of a country editor, and a farmer whose specialty was horses. The tale is one of many to illustrate the universality of the bard's knowledge. This old horseman loved the animals as they deserve to be loved, and their fine points were an open book to him. This is the way the country editor describes the incident:

"One day I read to Loflin—that was the farmer's name—this description of a horse in 'Venus and Adonis':

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostrils wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thick mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide,
Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack.

Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

"Sol," said I, 'what do you think of that?'

"You kin buy a horse from that description if you didn't know one from a dod-blasted mule," said he. 'Who writ it?'

"Shakespeare."

"Who's Shakespeare?'

"An English poet."

"Wall, I don't know who Shakespeare was and don't go much on poetry, but ef yoo ever see Shakespeare tell him fur Sol Loflin that he knowed hoss."

Enigmatical But True.

Visitors to the old cemeteries in New England often meet with queer epitaphs as they pass among the decayed and crumbling headstones. Here is one to be seen on one in the cemetery or "burying hill," as the guides call the spot in Plymouth, Mass:

Here's to the memory of Mary Trexton, Who married many a man but never vexed one.
Not to be said of the woman who lies in the next one.

The grave is only about a hundred feet from the Charlotte Cushman memorial, where her parents are buried, although her interment place is in the Mount Auburn cemetery, Boston. Around Mary Trexton's grave are those of her three husbands, whose deaths preceded hers. In the next grave lies the body of a woman whom the guide declared was a spinster, hence the force of truth in the epitaph noted.

AT THE TOMB OF GROTIUS.

First Burial at Rostock, but He Was Finally Laid in Delft, Holland.

The first burial place of Grotius was at Rostock near the German coast, and there, before the high altar of its great church today, is sacredly preserved, as an honor to Germany, the tomb in which his body was temporarily enshrined.

But his wish had been to rest in his native soil, says Andrew D. White in the Atlantic, and, after a time, his remains were conveyed to the Netherlands. It is hard to believe, and yet it is recorded, that as his coffin was borne through the city of Rotterdam, stones were thrown at it by the bigoted mob; finally it was laid in a crypt beneath the church of Delft, his birth-place.

Few monuments are more suggestive to the thinking traveler than that ancient cathedral. There lie the bones of men who took the lead in saving the Dutch republic and civil liberty from the bigotry of Spain. Above all, in the apse, towers the canopied tomb of William the Silent—sculptured marble and molten bronze showing forth the majesty of his purpose and the gratitude of his people. Hard by, in a quiet side aisle, is the modest tomb of Grotius, its inscription simple and touching.

Each of these two great men was a leader in the service of liberty and justice; each died a martyr to unreason. Both are risen from the dead, and live forevermore in modern liberty, civil and religious, in modern law fatal to tyranny, in modern institutions destructive to intolerance, and, above all, in the heart and mind of every man who worthily undertakes to serve the nobler purposes of his country or the larger interests of his race.

Attempting Too Much.

The worst energy-destroyer is he who attempts too many tasks and does not properly perform any one of them. At the close of day if such an one would look back and exercise a little reason he would soon discover why he was not called higher in his occupation. It is the employer who finishes his task properly that is valued the most. Incomplete work is the bane of many establishments. Many expend a tremendous amount of energy and for the lack of proper training in the first place they waste their time and do not satisfy an employer. The hard-working competent employes must often drag their companions along on the pay roll.

HER BLOOD TOO THIN

GENERAL DEBILITY RESULTS FROM IMPOVERISHED BLOOD.

The Remedy That Makes New Blood Banishes Weakness, Headaches, Indigestion and Nervous Troubles.

Hundreds of women suffer from headaches, dizziness, restlessness, languor and timidity. Few realize that their misery all comes from the bad state of their blood. They take one thing for their head, another for their stomach, a third for their nerves, and yet all the while it is simply their poor blood that is the cause of their discomfort.

If one sure remedy for making good, rich blood were used every one of their distressing ailments would disappear, as they did in the case of Mrs. Ella F. Stone, who had been ailing for years and was completely run down before she realized the nature of her trouble.

"For several years," said Mrs. Stone, "I suffered from general debility. It began about 1896 with indigestion, nervousness and steady headaches. Up to 1900 I hadn't been able to find any relief from this condition. I was then very thin and bloodless. An enthusiastic friend, who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urged me to give them a trial and I finally bought a box.

"I did not notice any marked change from the use of the first box, but I determined to give them a fair trial and I kept on. When I had finished the second box I could see very decided signs of improvement in my condition. I began to feel better all over and to have hopes of a complete cure.

"I used in all eight or ten boxes, and when I stopped I had got back my regular weight and a good healthy color and the gain has lasted. I can eat what I please without discomfort. My nervousness is entirely gone, and, while I had constant headaches before, I very rarely have one now. I cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to women who suffer as I did."

Mrs. Stone was seen at her pretty home in Lakewood, R. I., where, as the result of her experience, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are very popular. These famous pills are sold by all druggists. A book that every woman needs is published by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. It is entitled "Plain Talks to Women," and will be sent free on request.

The man who can't get a seat in a street car can usually find one when he goes skating.

A Well Deserved Tribute.

The awarding of the Grand Prize to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., at the St. Louis Exposition, confers upon this company the highest mark of distinction attained by any manufacturer of guns or ammunition in the world. Although a great number of medals were given to this class of manufacturers, the only award of a Grand Prize was to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; and given as it was in competition with the leading manufacturers of all countries, it testifies in a most decided way to the superiority of Winchester rifles, shotguns and ammunition over all other makes. The success attained by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. at this exposition is simply in line with the honors received in the past. At the Paris Exposition, Winchester arms and ammunition received the Grand Prix; and wherever they have been exhibited they have always been given the highest possible prizes. This latest recognition of superiority is the natural result of thirty years of careful and successful endeavor in maintaining the high quality of Winchester rifles, shotguns and ammunition.

The accident of birth carries no insurance with it.

TEA

We choose to sell tea; and it goes from Alaska to Mexico.

It's the tea!

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

The right man in the right place often adds to the number of the sheriff's boarders.

\$36.00 per M. Lewis' "Single Binder," straight 5c cigar, costs the dealer some more than other 5c cigars, but the higher price enables this factory to use higher grade tobacco. Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The shorter a man is of brains the longer he is on collars.

Barber—Hair Cut? Colonel Baldun—Really, you flatter me.